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Contemplation
and
Other Poems

By Florence Parker

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by

Florence Parker

Salt Lake City, Utah

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WE are the products of our own Desires;
We are the Future of the Past that is;
We are the Caldrons where the Inner Fires
Melt from the dross the Sacred Worth that is.
We are the Masters by Divine Birthright;
We are the slaves that gall in chains of Night;
Ours is the All and Ours the Nothingness;
We are the Darkness and Ourselves the Light.
O outward eyes that's surfeited with seeing;
O finite ears, deaf to the Voice of Being,
Ope, ope thy portals, Soul of all Life,
Give me the vision, I must gain the Height.

To
F. E. P.

CONTEMPLATION.

THE torn and troubled sea
Doth hold its pearls;
The hunchback hills, the seeds
Of future worlds.

The dark and doleful night
Doth have its stars;
The warted moon, its light
Beyond clouds bars.

The little child's bright eyes
Doth hold its dreams,
Though man's vague vision dies
In bubbled schemes.

The Infinitude of Life
Doth hold its All,
And my brave heart, its strife
And Calm's sweet thrall.

THE SEAS ARE EVER THE SEAS.

A THOUSAND ships are anchored at port
On the breast that heaves and rolls;
A thousand ships put out to sea
With their cargoes of human souls.
Each with his hope and each with his woe,
Seeking the place where he longs to go,
Leaving his love and his home;
But the seas are ever the seas, my dear,
And the seas leave not their own.
A thousand blooms on the sun-kissed hills
Beckon to them as they go,
A thousand stars in the arch of the sky
Glimmer and gleam and glow.
The ships sail on o'er the darkening deep
The travelers dream in their cradled sleep,
Forgetting their love and their home;
But the seas are ever the seas, my dear,
And never forget their own.

The tides dash bold on the frozen cliffs,
The tides flow in o'er the tropic sand;
But the heart of the sea in its lonely depths
Knows nought of the sun-kissed land;
Knows nought of the blooms on the hills, dear,
Knows nought of the stars in the sky, dear,
Or the woe or the hope or the home;
But the seas are ever the seas, my dear,
And the seas do know their own.

The storm clouds smother the glowing stars
And drive the ships in the troughs of the waves;
The storm seas rage and shriek and moan
And hurl the crafts to their gaping graves.
The tides of the seas and human souls,
Scattered like weeds in the shallow shoals,
Struggle and gasp and groan;
But the seas are ever the seas, my dear,
And the seas shall have their own.

THE CRY OF THE WORLD.

THE World cries out for a man, my boy,
A man that's a man clear thru,
Who feels the throb of the pulse of God
In the work he has to do.
Who sees and knows, and knowing sees
In the dim of the past and thru
The mist of the years that ahead appears
In the future of me and you.

The World cries out for an honest man;
A man who can be and do
The right, tho the lure would seek to obscure
His purpose from me and you;
Whose life is as clean as the open wind
And pure as the sky is blue,
Who can stand in the din and Sickening Sin
And keep his own heart true.

The World cries out for a man 'mong men,
Who pulls at the oar, and who
Gives his own arm to keep off the harm
From the life of me and you;
Who lives for the love of serving a friend,
Thinks not of reward that's due,
In service moves, and in service proves
His love for me and you.

And you are the man of to-morrow, my boy,
The great World cries for you.
O! answer the need. O! pay close heed
To the clear call, calling thru
The noise of the street, the low sad sob
And the song of the bird in the blue,
And the Voice will show you the way to go
For the wide World calls for you.

THE QUEST.

THE East will ever look out to the West
The sun will ever go down to the sea;
The waves evermore will rush to the shore
Thru the lapse of eternity.

The earth will yearn for the kiss of the sun
'Til its heart is still and cold;
The bee will seek for the luscious sweet
The blushing flowers hold.

The child will ever reach out its hands
For the rainbow bubble that gleams;
Away from the sod, man turns to his God
For the answer of all his dreams.

Out of the valley and over the hill
The path leads ever and on;
The quest of the Soul is the ultimate goal
That always lies just beyond.

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